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## THE RHODES BENEFACTION.

Not long ago, we were speaking of the agencies at work in our modern world whereby the cause of "international amity" was being advanced, and a year or so earlier, we made a few remarks concerning the form of "prescient philanthropy" which is wise enough to direct its efforts toward the future rather than confine them to the amelioration of present-day conditions. Had the noble gift of Cecil Rhodes to the English-speaking world then been foreseen or realized, it would have provided a striking illustration for either of the two heads of our discourse. No better idea for the furthering of friendship between the nations could well be conceived than this plan to bring together for educational purposes the picked youth of the two hemispheres, and no form of benefaction to the human race has ever exhibited more of that foresight which is the better part of all philanthropic endeavor.

Briefly stated, as we understand it, the Rhodes bequest provides that about a hundred young men from the United States, and perhaps fifty more from the British colonies and from Germany, shall each be given a three years' scholarship at the University of Oxford, and that others shall succeed them, upon like conditions, in perpetuity. The stipend offered is fifteen hundred dollars annually for each scholar, a generous provision, and ample for the purposes of a student at any of the Oxford colleges to which men repair with the intention of doing serious work. The delegation from the United States is to be made up of two students from each state and territory, thus being representative of every part of the country. The conditions of the selection, moreover, are of such a nature as to insure the sending of a finely-equipped body of youths to the ancient city on the Isis. Cecil Rhodes was too much a man of the world to suppose that attainments of the strictly academic sort are all that are essential to the making of a man, and his bequest wisely provides that not scholastic tests alone shall be applied in the selection of his beneficiaries, but that these shall be supplemented by tests of character, and

even of physical endowment, to an extent that, on the whole, subordinates the intellect to the sum total of the other qualities of manhood. The written examination is well as far as it goes, but it should not be made a fetish, and the testimonial of character, if it comes from an unimpeachable source, affords a better basis of choice.

This may be thought to be begging the question, in view of the common and notorious abuse of testimonials, and the problem no doubt presents grave difficulties on this account, but we shall not be willing to call them insurmountable until the plan has been given a fair trial. When the central administrative machinery of the trust shall have been set up, when all the necessary general officers and committees shall have been appointed, and when it comes to the actual selection of two Rhodes scholars from each of the states of this Union,—then, no doubt, the real *crux* of the problem will present itself. By what means shall the two young men be chosen, say, in the State of Illinois? How shall the claims of the competitors be coördinated to insure that real merit, and not influence or favoritism, shall determine the selection? That the competition will be keen is quite certain; these scholarships will be the great prizes of the educational world, partly because of the generous individual provision made for them, and partly because of the marked distinction which their award will confer. When the intellectual tests have been applied, and the applicants have been reduced to a manageable number, the final decision will call for the most delicate weighing of claims, and the most absolute impartiality. It cannot properly be made by perfunctory methods, it will have to be made by men who will take the task seriously, who can bring to it unusual powers of judgment and discrimination, who are not to be imposed upon by the various forms of pretence and humbug that will clamor for their hearing and seek to control their verdict.

In this delicate matter of adjudication there are two extremes, both of which must be carefully avoided. Too much weight must not be given to the opinion of any one person, nor must too much weight be given to merely numerical suffrages. Neither an arbitrary dictum nor a meaningless *plébiscite* must be the controlling element in the decision. To put the matter less abstractly, there is the danger, on the one hand, of deferring too much to the opinion of the executive head of some institu-

tion of learning, and, on the other, of being unduly moved by an avalanche of certificates attesting the worth of some person who combines the instinct of the politician with that of the student. The executive head of a school or college usually knows less about the individual student than the instructor who has daily relations with him, and a recommendation from that source, not being made at first hand, is peculiarly liable to errors of judgment. In the case of the candidate in whose behalf many voices are raised, the quality of the suffrages is vastly more important than the quantity, and a keen insight into the motives which actuate ordinary human nature will recognize the majority of such recommendations as absolutely worthless. The opinions of politicians, journalists, clergymen, and "leading citizens" generally, are subject to large discounts, and should, in many cases, count rather against a candidate than in his favor. In short, the task of selection is one for which civil service commissions and examining boards of the ordinary type will not be likely to prove adequate; it is a problem which will demand the devising of a more delicate form of machinery than has hitherto been applied to such purposes.

Educational opinion in this country has already received a certain amount of expression on the subject of the Rhodes bequest, although there has not been time for a careful consideration of the conditions. The administrative difficulties of the project have been generally pointed out, but its larger aspects do not seem to have received adequate recognition. Most of the men who have thus far been persuaded into print belong to the class of what may be called our educational moguls; in other words, the presidents of our larger universities have been interviewed by an enterprising press, and have placed their more or less valuable views upon record. But strictly speaking, this matter is one that does not concern the American university at all, except as it concerns the general interests of education. The Rhodes scholars are not to be sent by the universities, but by the high schools and academies. Hitherto, the American student who has gone to a European university has, almost without exception, gone there for advanced work, after having been graduated from some college in this country. But the intention of the Rhodes foundation is to offer an opportunity for undergraduate work to a lot of bright American boys from eighteen to twenty years of age. In spite of the obvious

inference from the terms of the bequest, our educational spokesmen have thus far very generally taken for granted that the Rhodes scholars would be drawn from the ranks of our university students. This unwarrantable assumption must be disposed of before it is possible to take an intelligent view of the subject. Cecil Rhodes clearly intended that the young Americans sent to Oxford by his bequest should be of the same general age and class as the young Englishmen who go up to the university from the great public schools. Now the analogue of such a man in the United States is found, not in the student who has completed, or even begun, his college course, but in the student who has just completed the work of some good high school or preparatory academy.

It would be premature to make specific suggestions concerning the administration of this great trust until its terms are more fully known and more carefully studied. As far as its American administration is concerned, it seems that there must be a committee of some sort for the entire country, and probably a local committee for each of the States and Territories. Assuming this to be the general plan, we should say that one conclusion of much importance follows from the considerations adduced in the foregoing paragraph. This conclusion is the simple one that college and university interests should not have the predominant voice in the administrative organization. University officers should by no means be ignored in the constitution of the committees, for the counsel of such men as Presidents Eliot, Gilman, and Jordan, Professors Norton, Sumner, and Gildersleeve, is too valuable to be missed; but the men who stand officially for the larger educational systems of States and cities, together with the men who stand for the secondary educational interest most directly affected by the Rhodes endowment, should prove the main reliance for its efficient administration. This consideration seems to us of vital importance, and may properly be urged even at this early stage of the enterprise.

There is a homely old saying about looking a gift-horse in the mouth, and another less homely one about viewing with suspicion the gifts of the Greeks. Both have been illustrated by the published comments on the Rhodes bequest already made on this side of the water. One such comment goes so far as to propose "that some concerted action on the

part of those interested in American education should be taken, and taken immediately, to prevent the acceptance of the Rhodes scholarships." The provincial spirit which asks what we have "to do with abroad," and which "views with alarm" the possible contamination of our youth by the "effete civilization" of Europe, is usually nothing more than amusing, but when it goes to such lengths as this it becomes vicious. That this rabid form of Anglophobia should be voiced by "lewd fellows of the baser sort" was inevitable, but that it should come from the mouths of educated men has surprised us not a little. As if the sending of thirty or forty boys to England every year for their college education could possibly be a menace to American ideals! As if English society had not also its lessons for our own national life! As if it were not the best thing in the world for a few of our young men to learn by an intimate personal experience that Englishmen and Americans are essentially of the same race and have developed upon essentially similar lines! It is a narrow prejudice indeed that would not welcome the opportunity of keeping a thousand of our young men, let alone a hundred, at school in England, to the broadening of our outlook and the strengthening of the tie that should ever bind us to the people who speak our parent language, with all that this implies in the way of common institutions and ideals. We wish only that some American philanthropist might feel his imagination fired by the magnificent idea of Cecil Rhodes, and might provide the means whereby a hundred picked English youths from Harrow and Eton and Rugby should always be enrolled among the students of Harvard University. We should then have the conditions for an interchange of sympathy and mutual respect that could not fail to be felt in both the great branches of our race. But we may well be thankful for what is already assured in this direction, while hoping for still further developments along the same general line of reciprocal helpfulness. In democracy is the hope of the world, and only England and America thus far among the nations have approached an understanding of the whole meaning of democracy. In both countries the advance of democracy has had its setbacks, and tolerated many irrational accidents, but in both has substantial progress been made toward what is in effect the same goal. We are convinced that the Rhodes foundation will contribute toward the realiza-

tion of this fact, although we shrewdly suspect that the founder himself had quite other ideas upon the subject,—that he has, in short, builded better than he knew, as is often the case with the masterful persons who set the feet of men in new and untried paths.

#### *AN EARLIER APOSTLE OF AMERICAN CULTURE.*

Our typical "freshwater" college of to-day, with its dozen fairly specialized scholarly instructors and a few thousand books, is modest enough, and yet it usually gives a most misleading and exaggerated idea as to the same institution a century ago or more. In 1757, Jonathan Edwards hesitated to become president of Princeton, feeling "hardly competent to instruct the senior class in all studies." Two professors and two tutors made a tolerable faculty then. Hebrew, Greek, and Latin mostly patristic, logic, mathematics, — these were the staples. Modern languages, science, history, have since run the gauntlet into the curriculum, and English literature is just coming painfully to its proper heritage. But, worst of all, every American college in 1800 was but an ill-conducted school, where boys must merely recite the lessons conned from text-books. The Harvard library seemed respectable to George Ticknor in boyhood, but when he returned from Göttingen he found it was but "a closetful of books." Of the larger university either he and Everett brought us the first whiff.

Ticknor himself, son of a well-to-do ex-teacher and tradesman of Boston, was admitted to Dartmouth College at ten, after oral tests at home in Cicero and New Testament Greek. Graduating at sixteen, after but two years actual residence, with a tincture of Horace and astronomy in his memory, he acquired in the next three years, from an English-born clergyman of Boston, some real acquaintance with such recondite authors as Homer, Herodotus and Euripides, Livy, and Tacitus. Madame de Staél's "Germany" told him of university life there. With much effort, he secured a German dictionary from another state, borrowed a German grammar written in French, and discovered in the suburban village of Jamaica Plain an Alsatian who could give him a very faulty pronunciation. Such were the conditions at Harvard and in Boston, a decade after the deaths of Friedrich Von Schiller and Christian Gottlob Heyne. Mastery of Hotentot with the clicks, or the native speech of Samoa, could be more hopefully sought in Boston now.

Ticknor sailed for Europe in April, 1815. Four years later he returned, with the richest intellectual results of study and travel and with a private library already large and costly. For many years

he struggled, in vain, to have Harvard College remodelled on something like its present lines. Only his friend Everett, the brilliant young Greek professor, shared Ticknor's German scholarship and progressive ideas; and he, after four years, was sent to Congress. Ticknor only, as the first Smith professor of modern languages (1820-1835), had a real departmental staff of instructors, — a native German, an Italian, and a Frenchman. Of his own nominal stipend of a thousand dollars a year, he long drew only six hundred on account of the extreme poverty of the college.

Mr. Ticknor's town house and library was for a half-century, even during his own long visits abroad, the scholarly centre of Boston (from which city Harvard has never been separable), perhaps also its strongest literary bulwark. Among his friends and correspondents he counted the greatest foreign scholars, like Humboldt, and King John of Saxony, the learned student of Dante. Ticknor himself was not a source of direct inspiration as a great teacher, orator, or creative writer; but all such men valued his influence. He was a wide-ranging and accurate student, all his life. His "History of Spanish Literature" (1849) is still the exhaustive and authoritative work on the subject, though anything but a readable or stimulating book for laymen. His life of Prescott gives us a pleasant acquaintance with the biographer as well, though both, of course, maintain their punctilious dignity and Boston manners.

That Ticknor's tendencies, save in pure scholarship and educational reform, were conservative, aristocratic, exclusive, is not strange. He and his class were held closely bound by their material interests and social creed. The fast-growing wealth of Boston was heavily invested in the mills on the Merrimac. The South, rather than the West, then furnished the chief market. Even men who deplored the existence of slavery — as nearly all men then did — might cling to the Union, and to the constitutional recognition of slaveholding as a bargain fairly entered into and irrevocable. So, when the most promising of young Boston aristocrats, like Phillips and Sumner, became Abolitionists, or even Free Soil revolters from the dominant Whig party, Ticknor's door was slammed in their faces, and nearly all "the four hundred," of course, imitated the example. (Prescott is said to have been the only exception.) When, from the time of Tiberius Gracechus to Henry George, has vested wealth welcomed revolutionary doctrines, or pelted their expounders? Far more bitterly did the older "orthodox" Unitarianism denounce the radical free religionist, Theodore Parker, as "an atheist in the pulpit," a fit ally for incendiary traitors like Garrison. Professor Wendell is quite right in arguing that all this was not merely excusable or rational, but really inevitable. Though "Humanity sweeps onward," the cautious conservative has his peculiar virtues and uses.

It is important to remember that Emerson, and the younger creative writers generally, were openly following, though with feet less heavily shod, in the same paths with Garrison and Parker. Channing himself did not live long enough to grow the hard shell of real conservatism. On the other hand, such men as Felton, the great Greek professor, a life-long intimate friend of Sumner, denounced his radical politics far more hotly than Ticknor, and finally even broke off personal relations. Ticknor acted from calm life-long principle. That his own creed, political, social, and religious, was absolutely right, he knew as surely as Winthrop or Mather. His *naïve* letter on this subject is printed in Pierce's life of Sumner, Vol. III.

In truth, not merely the conservatism of property generally, but the very spirit of scholarship itself, is often at war with the creative imagination. The scholar lives, by his own choice, in the past; the poet rather in his ideal — even if unattainable — future. So the scholar craves permanence, while the freer vision of the dreamer bids him hope, if not fight, for radically better conditions of life. These two powers are oftener not united, in large measure, in the same person. Encyclopedic learning weighs down the winged soul too heavily. Books abused, says Emerson, are among the worst of things. "Meek young men in libraries" forget, he adds, that they to whom they make submission were themselves but bolder and more self-centred youths. W. D. Whitney, or Justin Winsor, could have made a crushing retort, by describing the chronic inaccuracy of dreamers. Certainly Emerson himself was quite unfit for sustained investigation and scholarly accuracy, though he could admire, in more tolerant moods, even the bookworm.

Lowell, it is true, did combine tireless energy as a reader, an omnivorous memory, and reflective analytical criticism, with the poet's imagination. Doubtless the critic profited by the partnership; but the poet often, even in old age, complains bitterly that arduous study has dried up the creative sources. His poetry might have been largely the gainer if he, like Longfellow, could have quietly sought, and enjoyed all his life long, whatever sustenance his imagination craved; or even had he been often secluded for years in villages or fields, with little comradeship save his own wide-ranging thoughts.

But poet and scholar, creator and preserver of our literary wealth, have need of each other; and the truly civilized community itself needs alike the poet and the scholar, the uplift toward better things to strive for, the full consciousness of all the treasured experience and thought garnered from the centuries since Homer or the Vedic hymns.

Ticknor first made liberal scholarship possible in an American college. In his later life he lent his costly books, with the utmost generosity, to every serious student. He, more than any other man,

labored to found the Free Public Library of Boston, the oldest, and still the best, among such institutions in America. To that library he bequeathed his own collection of Spanish books, said to be still the richest in the world, outside of Spain itself.

Ticknor's name must be written, perhaps larger than any other, among the creators of a wide and deep literary culture, who are surely, in the long run, among the godfathers of later literature as well. This truth is demonstrable in his case. Emerson or Thoreau, though each owes much in detail to older authors, could indeed be essentially himself in his sylvan home. But Longfellow's world-wide humanism and Prescott's fine literary style were vitally indebted to George Ticknor, and to the new culture which his name best represents. They breathed naturally, all their lives, the air of the "alcoved tomb," as Dr. Holmes calls the library.

Moreover, culture, being closer to the earth, has a hardy local root which is denied to the imaginative faculty. The splendid poetic outburst which began with Emerson culminated in Lowell, — and, alas, is past. Our great poets and romancers are silent. The sweet minor singers of this our Lyrical Intermzzo may be found in Indiana or California quite as often as in New England. But for historical composition in particular, there is still one centre only; and a short radius, sweeping from the gilded dome of Boston's State House, through Quincy, Jamaica Plain, and Cambridge, would include nearly all the chief names of living or dead. To Ticknor, and to Franklin before him, — that is, to the collectors of books and founders of libraries, — this sturdiest and most advanced phase of our national scholarship is primarily due.

WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON.

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IT IS difficult to realize that Francis Richard Stockton, who died on the twentieth of April, had completed his sixty-eighth year. Irrepressible youthfulness of spirit characterized his last work — the pirate romance of "Kate Bonnet" — even more distinctly than some of his earliest writings. After a high school education in Philadelphia, the city of his birth, Stockton served his apprenticeship to literature by working for the newspapers, and an editorial connection with "Scribner's Monthly" and "St. Nicholas." Among his books the following may be mentioned: "The Lady or the Tiger," "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Hundredth Man," "Adventures of Captain Horn," "Mrs. Cliff's Yacht," "The Girl at Cobhurst," "Rudder Grange," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine," "The Dusantes," "Ardis Claverden," "The House of Martha," "The Associate Hermits," and "A Bicycle of Cathay." The list of his books is a long one, and they have provided innocent entertainment for a host of readers, both young and old. He had a whimsicality of invention which was all his own, yet he had also a power of serious characterization which assures him a modest niche in our permanent literature.

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The New Books.

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A VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN OF TWO CENTURIES AGO.\*

The writings of Colonel William Byrd of Virginia, now published in a beautifully-printed volume, consist of three long accounts or journals of life in the colony of Virginia in the early years of the eighteenth century. Of the three manuscripts, "The Progress to the Mines" is the most interesting, "A Journey to Eden" the most descriptive, and "The Dividing Line" the most valuable. In the latter work, the nomenclatory line was the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina; and Colonel Byrd had the gratification of knowing that his surveying work was accepted by the Crown as final,—and it still remains so. He could state with equal satisfaction that the survey cost the Crown but one thousand pounds; to one who reads carefully the description of the manner in which the work was done, this sum seems slight indeed.

Byrd gives a truly dismal account of the famous Dismal Swamp; saying that "it contained no living creature; neither Bird nor Beast, Reptile nor Insect came in our view." The Swamp at that time could scarcely have differed much from the Swamp to-day; and bears, deer, and wild-cats are now hunted there; snakes abound, and there is also very good fishing. The dark-colored water which he so abhorred, and zealously tempered with rum before drinking, was stained with juniper-root; and to-day it is held in such high esteem for its healthfulness that folk send for it at great distances for medicinal use.

Throughout Colonel Byrd's writings are many expressions verging on slang, and many words used in senses which had hitherto seemed to me distinctly modern. Thus: "The Inhabitants wanted elbow-room"; "New York was a Limb lopt off of Virginia"; "To make a Slippery People as good as their Word"; the use of the word "lugg," meaning to carry; and the constant use of the word (and doing of the deed) to "tip," meaning to give a petty sum for service rendered. The pages abound with terse sentiments of a dry humor, such as these:

"They extended to Jamestown where like true Englishmen they built a Church that cost no more than

\* THE WRITINGS OF "COLONEL WILLIAM BYRD of Westover in Virginia Esqr." Edited by John Spencer Bassett. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Fifty Pounds, and a Tavern that cost Five Hundred."

"Nothing is dear here but Law, Physick, and Strong Drink, which are all bad of their Kind."

"The Leaves had a fresh agreeable smell, and Ladies would be apt to fancy a Tea made of them provided they were told how far it came, and at the same time were oblig'd to buy it very Dear."

"My Landlady received us with a grim Sort of welcome which I did not expect, since I brought her Husband back in good Health, tho' perhaps that might be the Reason."

"It had rained so little for many weeks that the Naides had hardly Water enough left to wash their Faces."

The writer gives a very spirited description of the house of Colonel Spottswood, showing a luxury hardly to be expected in such a remote plantation in a new colony and new world.

"Mrs. Spottswood received her old Acquaintance with many a gracious Smile. I was carry'd into a Room elegantly set off with Pier Glasses, the largest of which came soon after to an odd Misfortune. Amongst the favorite Animals that cheer'd this Lady's Solitude, a Brace of Tame Deer ran familiarly about the House and one of them came to stare at me as a Stranger. But unluckily Spying his own Figure in the Glass, he made a Spring over the Tea Table that stood under it, and shatter'd the Glass to pieces; and falling back upon the Tea Table made a terrible Fracas among the China. This Exploit was so sudden and accompany'd with such a Noise that it surpriz'd me and perfectly frighten'd Mrs. Spottswood. But 'twas worth all the Damage to shew the Moderation and good Humour with which she bore this Disaster. In the Evening the noble Colo. came home from his Mines, who saluted me very civilly, and Mrs. Spottswood's Sister, Miss Thely, who had been to meet him en Cavalier, was so kind too as to bid me welcome. We talkt over a Legend of Old Storys, supp'd about 9, and then prattled with the Ladys till 'twas time for a Travellour to retire."

We may well reprint this posthumous testimony to the amiability of a colonial dame who in such a wilderness could meet the destruction of her beautiful pier glass and tea equipage with "moderation and good humour."

The best pages of these journals are those which tell of the Virginia colonel himself; he enters into very candid personal detail in a manner which at once reminds the reader of Pepys and his diary. Byrd had the same fresh-springing and frank interest in "the Fair Sex" which was ever displayed by the great English diarist; but he had also a devoted love for his wife and children. His pages have no grossness save the inevitable free-and-easy speaking of the life and literature of his day,—the free speaking of Franklin; and indeed he equals Franklin in his art of writing forceful, lucid, and charming English. The settlers of Virginia and New York, albeit they were men of culture and parts, seldom kept diaries, nor did

they write ample or many letters. New England Puritans delighted in committing their sentiments to paper, especially the depths of their religious life, hence we have many records to con to learn of early days in New England ; but Virginia life in contemporary years would have little original personal record were it not for these truly valuable manuscripts of William Byrd, which Professor Moses Coit Tyler has termed "one of the most delightful literary legacies which that age has handed down to us."

The carefully worded epitaph engraved upon Byrd's tomb presents the best epitome of his life. From it we learn of the ample fortune he inherited from a father of the same name, who was a prosperous trader, planter, and politician, and founder of that noble estate, Westover-on-the-James; we hear of his education in England, and his intimacy there with folk of knowledge, wit, high birth, and public station. We learn of his further education in the Low Countries and France ; and then of his career of success in his native land, where he became Receiver-General, was for thirty-seven years a member of the Council, and finally became its President. He was a man of pleasure, as his writings plainly show ; and though the epitaph pronounces him a "splendid Economist," the records of his life scarcely prove this,—at least in any sense of the word "economy" which we now recognize. His intimacy with the Earl of Orrery, and his election to the Royal Society, kept him in touch with many things of scholarly interest in England. He married two wives, whom he dearly loved, and had several children ; one was "Beautiful Evelyn Byrd," whose name has of late appeared in more than one historical tale,—notably in Miss Johnston's "Audrey."

The pages of William Byrd's Journals show a distinct scholarliness,—and especially a familiarity with the natural history of all lands. They evince, too, a capacity for intelligent comparison, and for drawing of useful and interesting deductions from what he saw. His observations are stated without pedantry, in a simple mode of assertion which is not only pleasing but convincing. Byrd was a skilled botanist, with a great love of flowers and trees ; he made constant study of the curative qualities of the wild plants he found, eagerly inquiring of the Indians, and experimenting on his patient friends, both savage and civilized. Like many of his neighbors in Virginia, he thus acquired considerable skill in medicine. He corresponded with such famous botanists

as Mark Catesby and Sir Hans Sloane, and his library gives evidence of his love and study of medicine and medicinal plants. He had an entire book-case of medical and pathological works,—pharmacopeias, dispensatories, herbals, and botanies, and two hundred or more books on special diseases or special treatments of disease. He was therefore far better equipped, and probably far more experienced, than the regular practitioners of medicine in the Virginian colony.

Of what he called "French Books of Entertainment," Colonel Byrd had a charming collection,—one that would to-day be deemed well-chosen and ample. Books of travel, history, and romance were plentiful upon his shelves, together with many volumes of divinity (as became a Christian gentleman of the Church of England), and a wonderfully good collection of "Classicks." There were, in all, over four thousand volumes,—the best editions in the best bindings ; and kept in twenty-three handsome book-cases of carved walnut. These books were sold in 1777.

The estate of twenty-six thousand acres which William Byrd inherited from his father did not long satisfy a man in whose veins burned the land-fever common to all Virginia colonists. He hungered for the vast tracts of river land which he saw during his survey of the Dividing Line in 1728, and he soon acquired twenty thousand acres of the "Land of Eden" described in his second monograph. Mile after mile was added, till at his death he owned over one hundred and seventy thousand acres of the best land in Virginia. He planned to establish colonies on these extensive possessions,—one a colony of thrifty Swiss settlers ; but this scheme was never accomplished.

The impression made upon us of the author of these journals is that of an intelligent gentleman and a kindly friend. A sensible man, too, he must have been, never running to extremes, nor credulously accepting everything told him ; a pleasant companion of unvarying good temper and cheerfulness, under privations and annoyances which must have been hard for one of his temperament and breeding to bear. This tribute of appreciation we give to the journal-keeper ; though the journal itself rather than its writer is of consideration to us to-day. But we can never, even after two centuries, wholly disassociate an author from his work.

In outward form this reprint of Colonel Byrd's writings is a truly elegant volume, of

suitable size and perfect paper and typography ; and it is edited in the most satisfying manner. The introductory sketch of the Byrd family, and the ample yet concise notes, are precisely what the student (and the careless reader as well) can appreciate. It is not to be doubted that the editor, Mr. John Spencer Bassett, found his task a pleasant one, for he has impressed his enthusiasm and thoroughness upon his readers.

A reviewer must hesitate at too lavish praise of a book, especially if the author be living, lest it seem fulsome ; but the interest in this volume as literature, and its value as history, are too absolute to admit of hesitation ; it affords to critic and to reader that unusual treat — a book without a fault ; and it is possessed of every positive virtue possible to a work of its nature. ALICE MORSE EARLE.

#### THE JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.\*

Of the countries which, in the sixteenth century, came into the possession of Spain through Papal Bulls, through the Treaty of Tordesillas, through discoveries, exploration, occupancy or settlement, the vast region surrounding the Rio de la Plata and its tributaries in South America was placed in a somewhat different category from all the others. The geological formation of this region was immediately seen to give no promise of rich gold-mines as a reward for hardships most certainly to be endured by those who would take possession thereof ; and after the search was abandoned for a waterway by which direct communication might be obtained with the west coast of the continent, the Spaniards — being not yet ready to appreciate the advantages the country offered for cattle and horse-raising — passed it by. There was nothing to attract adventurers save the facilities the country offered for those engaged in the nefarious pursuit of slave-catching. Consequently towns were few and unimportant.

That part of the country which bore the name of Paraguay was, early in the seventeenth century, an out-lying province of the Spanish Viceroyalty of Peru ; and communication with Spain was about as easy as with the capital of the Viceroyalty. The government of

that province was ill-regulated, and the character of the Spanish settlers far from admirable. Included within the Province was a region of indefinite extent, lying on both sides of the Tropic of Capricorn, and bearing then, as it does still, the name of El Gran Chaco. The Indians of the Chaco region were not like the Incas of Peru, but were of the nomadic Pampas tribes, the Guaranis being the most important.

When, early in the seventeenth century, Acquaviva, General of the Society of Jesuits, determined upon a remodeling of the system previously employed by his Order for the civilization and evangelization of the Indians, he selected Paraguay as a suitable ground for the trial of his chief experiment. Possibly the principal point in its favor was the paucity of Spanish population, which in every other part of the New World had run counter to the plans of the missionaries. Leaving only so many missionaries in other parts of the continent as were absolutely necessary, the members of his Order gathered the Indians from El Gran Chaco into towns or communal villages, called Reductions (*Reducciones*), and taught them the simple arts of civilization and some of the rites and duties of the Christian religion.

Within thirty years this system embraced twenty Reductions, averaging a thousand families each. Later, there were forty-seven Reductions, in which 300,000 Indian families were being trained to habits of industry and good order ; and the number was even far greater when, in 1767, the Jesuit system was replaced by another under which the missions rapidly declined, the villages were abandoned, the churches (some of them no mean specimens of architecture, we are assured) were left to decay, and the Indians went back to the wild life from which the Jesuits had with great difficulty previously won them.

In the century and a half of the Jesuit occupancy of this over-looked corner of the world, there was accumulated a wealth of historical material to which scant justice has hitherto been done. The Jesuit Reductions, as an experiment in social economics, have not received the attention they deserve. The few writers upon economic subjects who have referred to them at all, have presented such incomplete and contradictory views of the Jesuits' system as to destroy their value as illustrations. The annals of that period are filled with heroic names, and episodes of thrilling

\* A VANISHED ARCADIA. Being Some Account of the Jesuits in Paraguay, 1607-1767. By R. B. Cunningham Graham. With map. New York : The Macmillan Co.

interest, which it would be the glory of the historian to rescue from oblivion.

Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham, whose interests in Paraguay a quarter of a century ago appear to have been generally other than literary, claims no skill as a historiographer, yet evinces some very important qualities of the historian, in his work entitled "A Vanished Arcadia." He has an appreciation of the value of historical material; he is a close observer, and he has a keen sense of humor. His style is at times epigrammatic, he is inclined to indulge himself in sarcasm, and he finds in recent events in Africa analogies for events which his researches in Paraguayan affairs reveal. With sympathies for the Jesuits and their work awakened by viewing, in the course of his journeys in Paraguay, the ruins of the Reductions, he has pursued a thorough investigation of the history of the missions in the works of Spanish and French historians, annalists, and archivists. He finds a justification for the title he has chosen for his narrative of the Jesuit missions, in the happy Arcadian life which the Reductions inspired during their intervals of immunity from the incursions of slave-hunters, rival religious orders, or jealous government officials. At such times the happy neophytes were marshalled to their daily tasks by merry peals upon church-bells, and went to the fields in procession to the sound of music and headed by holy images. At mid-day they sang hymns, and enjoyed dinner and a siesta before resuming their work; and at sun-down they returned to their abodes in the village in procession, singing as they had gone forth in the morning. In their leisure hours they were regaled with church ceremonies, and an abundance of music, dancing, and merry-making.

It is upon the vanishing of this well-depicted Arcadia that the author lays the greatest stress. Not only does he narrate the circumstances attending the expulsion of the Jesuits from Paraguay in 1767, but he fully discusses, with no little show of indignation, the injustice of the treatment accorded to them.

The book is a valuable contribution to historical literature, and every reader must be grateful to the author for having rescued from oblivion the thrilling episodes he relates. It is not without its faults, however. Its index could have been more helpful if it had included more than a list of the capitalized proper names found upon each page, or even if it had included all of those. A few errors of dates are excusable after the author's apology therefor.

The value of the book as a guide to the flora and fauna of the region of which he treats would have been enhanced if he had given some of the English equivalents of the Paraguayan names he uses so glibly. It seems strange that, in spite of all his careful research, he should be unable to explain that the name *Mamelucos* was given to the half-breed desperadoes of Brazil because of their resemblance to the Egyptian Mamelukes; and he might have told us that the term "Reduction" was applied to the Jesuit missions, because the Indians were therein reduced to order and civilization,—a picturesque choice of a word for such a use among a people whose minds were much absorbed by the process of reduction by which the precious metal was obtained from the ore.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

#### A CENTURY OF NEW ENGLAND ELOQUENCE.\*

Ever since its foundation in 1805, "for friendship, charity, and mutual assistance," the New England Society of New York City — the first of its kind in America — has been accustomed to celebrate Forefathers' Day, generally with a banquet followed by toasts and the singing or recitation of original verses. Until 1857 the dinner was preceded by a public oration delivered by a distinguished member of the Society or an honored guest; and it is these speeches, together with one or two written since for special occasions, that Mr. Cephas Brainerd, a valued member of the Society, and his daughter have collected and edited. The result is two volumes of undoubted interest and significance. Together they contain, besides a picturesque account of the founding of the Society and an introductory sketch of each speaker, some twenty-five addresses by twenty-four gifted orators. The one name that appears twice is fitly that of Daniel Webster. Issued primarily for the Society, a century of whose yearly deliberations they record, these volumes address themselves to all who look back with pride to a Puritan ancestry, to those who love the resounding eloquence struck by a skilful hand from a great theme, and, further, to those who, believing that civic virtues and national ideals and responsibilities are as real

\* THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY ORATIONS. Collected and edited by Cephas Brainerd and Eveline Warner Brainerd. In two volumes. New York: Published for the Society by The Century Co.

as individual ones, are sensible that it is after all only history with her suggestive questions and comparisons that can "make men wise."

The Puritans, of course, as main theme or point of departure, are the subject of every speech; and however well the reader may know his history of New England's colonization he can hardly fail to get here some new side light upon that heroic period of the nation's story. Among the earlier speakers, the first two of whom entitle their addresses sermons, the emphasis is upon the religious aspect of the Puritan movement, with the moral for the present generation sometimes unpleasantly obtrusive. In the later addresses the dispassionate historical tone prevails, and they are correspondingly more urbane, if no less pointed, as to present-day issues. For example, Dr. Gardiner Spring's famous "Tribute to New England"—the sermon for 1820 and the first that was preserved—deals with the divine leading behind the Puritan settlement and with the beneficent effect of that settlement on literature, on religious liberty and on the influence and extension of religion, in America. A sharp distinction is drawn between religious liberty and religious license, which, according to this Calvinistic divine, was being advocated by the Unitarians, who are represented as veritable wolves in the fold of truth. This was one of several addresses to evoke warm discussion, and the caustic reply drawn up by the outraged Unitarian minority is printed after the sermon. In sharp contrast is such an address as that of Dr. Storrs for 1857, which is direct, specific, and cogently pointed in its suggestions for a reversion to Puritan principles, but which is not barbed, and that in spite of the great controversy looming ahead.

The uniqueness of the Pilgrim fathers is perhaps the dominant historical note of the series. Never came settlers to any land against such overwhelming odds or with such strange motives. Never was a colonial government so nobly planned. And as their reasons for coming to America were strange, so were the results they sought to achieve in their colony altogether foreign, in their strong accent upon spirituality, to anything hitherto attempted. Other speakers prefer to go back of 1620 in order to trace the complicated course of events that differentiated the English reformation from the European and led to the ostracism of these Protestants of the Protestants from their English homes. Still others call attention to the influence upon the movement of the Geneva

exiles, who had a chance to see a republican government in actual operation. A few speakers choose to consider the idiosyncrasies of the Puritans,—men as unique in their faults as in their virtues,—and to show the fallacies in the popular conception of the Pilgrims as sour-faced, iron-handed, hard-hearted bigots, whom happily their descendants have ceased to resemble. All seem to be agreed that New England is still, in some measure at least, representative of the Puritan spirit; and all unite in praising the part she has played in the making of the nation. But enough of generalities. It is the specific in these speeches that attracts; the detail that supports each familiar generalization that is of value. And for that the reader must go beyond a brief review to the book itself.

There is necessarily some repetition of thought in so long a series on a single theme, but one can easily see why the Society wished to publish all, if any, of the available addresses. Besides, there is not one that does not make its individual contribution to the whole, that does not reach towards the high standard set by such men as Webster, Storrs, and Evarts, Holmes, Hopkins, Curtis, Choate, and Emerson. Most of the orations have not been published before except in rare pamphlets; and merely as examples of forensic literature they are well worthy of the honor now paid them by the Society that called them forth.

Yet it is not as eloquent tributes to a vanished past that these orations are most vitally interesting, but rather as comments on their own time, as records of national progress through the century just ended, and as prophecies, warning yet hopeful, of the nation's future. Slavery, the great problem of the period, is touched upon by almost every speaker. At first it is handled with truly Puritanical sternness, then more guardedly, with a gentleness born of greater knowledge of the magnitude of the issue and the delicate position of the contestants, but with no less depth of feeling. This apparent growth of tolerance since 1820 and 1822, when the Unitarian controversy was raging bitterly, or even since 1842, when the dread of Catholic supremacy expressed itself in unmeasured terms, can scarcely be understood as a chance result due to the individual temperaments of the various speakers. It rather represents a general change of attitude, a recognition of the modern tenet that the foe's conviction may be as sincere and his motives as worthy as one's own, and that in

any case nothing is to be gained by ungraciously insisting that he is altogether in the wrong.

But to plume ourselves on the possession of this one virtue of tolerance in somewhat greater measure than our forefathers is to take but one, and that the smallest, view of a great theme. Not the little we might teach them, but the much that we should learn from them, and often have not, is the significant phase of the subject. And this is the unifying thread that runs through all these sermons and addresses and makes them of lasting value and real import for us, Puritans by descent it may be, but certainly heirs of the great heritage of the Puritans.

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

#### RECENT BOOKS ON THE TRUST PROBLEM.\*

A prominent Washington official well-known in statistical circles recently remarked, in a conversation, that "the people do not care a rap about trusts." Opposed to this rather effete summary of a great question are the numerous editorials, magazine articles, and books on the subject now coming from the public press. The three volumes reviewed in the present article reflect the seriousness of the problem and by no means bear out the indifference of the Washington official.

Fundamentally, the problem is the old one of monopoly,—and a very sharp distinction must be made between capital centralization and monopoly, so often confused in the present controversy. The first book, Le Rossignol's "Monopolies, Past and Present," both by title and contents gives evidence of careful thought on these essential points in the problem. The author of "Commercial Trusts," however, takes it for granted that the attack on capital is due to centralization when in reality it is a question, as already pointed out, of monopoly. It is, however, to Clark's "The Control of Trusts" that we must look for a definite programme in dealing with the questions involved in the trust.

About the word "monopoly," then, clusters much of the discussion. To it each of the three

\*MONOPOLIES, PAST AND PRESENT. An Introductory Sketch. By James Edward Le Rossignol, Ph.D. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

COMMERCIAL TRUSTS. The Growth and Rights of Aggregated Capital. By John R. Dos Passos. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE CONTROL OF TRUSTS. An Argument in Favor of Curbing the Power of Monopoly by a Natural Method. By John Bates Clark. New York: The Macmillan Co.

writers contributes a different definition. In "Monopolies, Past and Present" we are told that "a monopoly is the control of the supply or the demand of an economic good, by one person or a combination of persons, to such an extent that that person or combination of persons is able to control the price of the economic good." To this definition Mr. Dos Passos objects vigorously, declaring that a monopoly is "an exclusive privilege, resting in the hands of one person or corporation, to the exclusion of everybody else, and to comprehend a monopoly you must realize that there can exist no monopoly, unless it is exclusive"; which, if accepted, virtually excludes all monopoly discussion from the field of inquiry. We are still to look at the definition of the third writer, who puts it clearly and strongly, that "to dominate weak rivals and to prevent strong ones from appearing, is to perform the act and to take on the character of a monopoly." That this is after all the fighting interpretation of the term, rather than the control of prices alone, is borne out by the recent events in the celebrated Northern Pacific merger.

Three methods of solving the monopoly question and all that it involves are found in the *laissez faire* doctrine, socialism, and state regulation. Each has its advocates, the second lacking an exponent, however, in the trio of books under review. The "let alone" policy is vigorously maintained by the author of "Commercial Trusts," who says, "I claim that the natural laws of trade form a sufficient barrier to prevent or break up most commercial monopolies." Since exclusive possession is the essential element, no monopolies exist from his point of view. It is just here that Professor Clark parts company, if he may be said to have kept company at all, with the orator before the Industrial Commission. There is, on the contrary, always existent either actual or potential competition in every case of monopoly which cannot long continue without the aid of the state. Certain it is that we cannot rely upon the unaided forces of trade laws to prevent the abuses of monopoly. The *laissez faire* doctrine must give way to modern experience.

In just so far as we confuse centralization and monopoly will our drift be toward socialism; if the darkness of the present hides the benefits of private property and individual initiative, the more we shall look for state ownership as the only solution. Both the author of "Monopolies, Past and Present," who clearly shows that we are dealing with a very old

problem in a new form, and the author of "The Control of Trusts" have brighter things than a régime of state socialism in store for us. They regard state control as the means of retaining the good in the modern system and eliminating the evils.

The thesis of Mr. Le Rossignol's book may be stated in the author's own words.

"The world moves in advancing cycles. First we have the monopolistic spirit of the Middle Ages. Then we have the competitive spirit of the industrial revolution. Again we pass into a period of monopoly and restriction of competition. In the first period we find public control and regulation of industry. In the second period we have the system of industrial liberty. May it not be that we are returning to a system of public control like and yet unlike that of ancient and mediæval times? The doctrine of the Canonists revive in the teachings of the modern Socialists. The ideals resume their sway over the human mind, new in form but old in spirit. As ever, they demand recognition, they call for realization."

It is certainly pleasant to think that ideals are to predominate over commercialism. Just how this is to come about our author does not say, but in an able manner he points out the history, experience, dangers, and advantages of various forms of monopoly, ending his volume with the admonition that "there is no need for extreme haste."

A more positive programme is outlined in Professor Clark's little book, whose thesis is put in this way:

"Monopoly power that is increasing and restrictions that are diminishing in force point to a time when something will have to be done in defence of property rights, if not personal liberty. The measures that it is possible to take are not many, but we shall soon see what they are, and try to make a selection from among them. Even now we can discern the principle which must dominate a sound policy in dealing with trusts. That principle is, first of all, to keep competition alive." But how is this result to be accomplished? Certainly not by the repeal of the tariff, advocated so noisily by the press of the day. The problem is by no means so easy as that. In many instances the tariff sustains not only the trust but the industry itself. In such cases competition, the fundamental principle of the thesis, is destroyed. In fact, so far as the independent producer is sustained by the tariff, it would be unwise to hastily remove it.

This view, then, maintains that tariff revision is an end to be secured, not a means of solving the trust problem. When once the monopolistic element is taken out of the trust it will be possible to do something with the tariff, otherwise an attack on the tariff throws the trust and the independent producers into the same rank under the fortunes of war. The

great danger is that a corporation exacting a monopoly price at home may treat its export business as a secondary matter. To avoid this, monopoly power must be broken before a tariff war begins.

The number of steps necessary to such a procedure are not numerous, though difficult: First, protection of the investor; second, fair treatment of the independent producers by the railroads. This latter step will require pooling and government control. From Professor Clark's point of view the key to the solution lies in the fact that the independent producer is a natural protector of all the other threatened interests. To withdraw the tariff is to destroy him, to maintain the tariff for the time regulating railroad discriminations is to give him a chance to exist. Certainly Professor Clark's book has great value in the warning clearly pointed out against a wrong beginning.

All three of the writers believe in the trust as a form of organization. The question is, Can it not be deprived of its dangerous elements and made a source of advancement to the community? Professor Clark believes that this can be done.

FRANK L. MCVEY.

#### RECENT POETRY.\*

When Mr. Thomas Hardy, a year or two ago, published a small volume of poems, no little surprise was felt that he should have concealed so long and so successfully the undeniable talent which was then revealed. For the volume had an arresting quality that few collections of poems possess, and an incisive way of laying bare the very heart of life that suggested the craft of the great masters. On the

\**POEMS OF THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.* By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*HAWTHORN AND LAVENDER*, with Other Verses. By William Ernest Henley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*ULYSSES*. A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By Stephen Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*POEMS*. By Arthur Symons. In two volumes. New York: John Lane.

*FROM THE HILLS OF DREAM*. Threnodies, Songs, and Other Poems. By Fiona Macleod. Portland: Thomas B. Mosher.

*LATER POEMS*. By Alice Meynell. New York: John Lane.

*POEMS*. By Irene Hardy. San Francisco: D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard.

*CALIFORNIA VIOLETS*. A Book of Verse. By Grace Hibbard. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

*THE WATCHERS OF THE HEARTH*. By Benjamin Sledd. Boston: The Gorham Press.

*THE SOUL-AT-ARMS*, and Other Poems. By James Robinson Smith. Cambridgeport: Hazlitt & Seaward.

*BRAMBLE BRAE*. By Robert Bridges ("Droch"). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*LYRICS*. By John Vance Cheney. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co.

other hand, it was clearly the work of a man who cared little for technique, who was willing to ride roughshod over most of the canons of verse-rhetoric, and to whom the best will in the world could not attribute the gift of the singing voice. The recent appearance of Mr. Hardy's second and larger volume, entitled "Poems of the Past and the Present," justifies, with some slight modifications, these conclusions based upon the earlier collection, and at the same time deepens our respect for the intellect which is here at work. For it is as an intellectual force that this volume must be measured, if anything like justice is to be done it. Every one of these poems has something to say, and usually it is something so well worth saying that defects in the manner of the expression may fairly be overlooked. Mr. Hardy has an abundance of ideas; many of them are poetical ideas in the strictest sense, and all of them are ideas of the sort that come only to the man who has meditated deeply upon the most serious problems of human existence. An illustration may be introduced at this point of the discussion. From the Psalmist to the philosopher of Königsberg, the insignificance of earth and all the works of man when contrasted with the vastness of the creation has been a theme to provoke perplexed questionings and inspire an awful solemnity of soul. It is so big a theme that the small poet who ventures upon it is bound to be luckless, for the best he can offer will be but a weak solution of the idea. Yet Mr. Hardy can take so old an idea as this, and give it a restatement that is deeply impressive. The sonnet written "At a Lunar Eclipse" will, we believe, bear out this assertion.

"Thy Shadow, Earth, from Pole to Central Sea,  
Now steals along upon the Moon's meek shine  
In even monochrome and curving line  
Of imperturbable serenity.

"How shall I link such sun-cast symmetry  
With the torn troubled form I know as thine,  
That profile, placid as a brow divine,  
With continents of moil and misery?

"And can immense Mortality but throw  
So small a shade, and Heaven's high human scheme  
Be hemmed within the coasts you are implies?  
"Is such the stellar gauge of earthly show,  
Nation at war with nation, Brains that teem,  
Heroes, and women fairer than the skies?"

Mr. Hardy is much preoccupied with the vanishing faiths of the past, and looks back with a certain wistfulness to the time when men could find consolation in what the clear intelligence of to-day must look upon as myth and baseless legend.

"In days when men had joy of war,  
A God of Battles sped each mortal jar;  
The peoples pledged him heart and hand,  
From Israel's land to isles afar."

"I said to Love,  
'It is not now as in old days  
When men adored thee and thy ways  
All else above;  
Named thee the Boy, the Bright, the One  
Who spread a heaven beneath the sun,  
I said to Love."

Mars and Eros are now no more, and with them the other gods have taken flight. One thinks of Schiller's plaint upon the same theme, but one misses the invincible optimism of Schiller, who could find new consolations in the newly awakened hopes of mankind, and in the revolutionary gospel of human brotherhood. Mr. Hardy's vision is too keen and his logic too relentless to permit him to resort to such anodynes. The bright new day that seemed to be dawning for mankind at the opening of the nineteenth century was overhung with darkness at the close of that century. How it seemed to Mr. Hardy just as the century was going out may be gathered from this "Christmas Ghost Story" of 1899:

"South of the Line, inland from far Durban,  
A mouldering soldier lies — your countryman.  
Awry and doubled up are his gray bones,  
And on the breeze his puzzled phantom moans  
Nightly to clear Canopus: 'I would know  
By whom and when the All-Earth-gladdening Law  
Of Peace, brought in by that Man Crucified,  
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside?  
And what of logic or of truth appears  
In tacking "Anno Domini" to the years?  
Near twenty-hundred liveried thus have died,  
But tarries yet the Cause for which He died.'

Mr. Hardy comes very near to being a pessimist. This word is so often misapplied — to impatient idealists of the Ibsen type, for example, who indignantly scourge the profaners of the Temple for its more speedy cleansing — that we hesitate to use it; but of Mr. Hardy it must be said that he discerns but slight hope for the future of the race. He comes no nearer to such a vision of promise than in the doubtful prophecy of these lines:

"When shall the saner softer polities  
Whereof we dream have play in each proud land,  
And patriotism, grown Godlike, scorn to stand  
Bondsslave to realms, but circle earth and seas?"

Even the qualified hopefulness of this suggestion is rarely met with. The spirit of the poet's own relentless motto,

"Let there be truth at last,  
Even if despair,"

urges his thought implacably to the absolute pessimism of such a poem as "His Immortality" or of such a stanza as this concluding one of "De Profundis":

"Black is night's cope;  
But death will not appal  
One who, past doubting all,  
Waits in unhope."

Meanwhile, allowing the question of the future to be just barely debatable, the present is clearly cut of joint. The group of war-poems, one of which has just been quoted, makes the poet's opinion clear enough, and it is still further enforced by a reverie at Lausanne, in which the spirit of the historian to whom the place is consecrated puts these questions:

"How fares the Truth now? — Ill?  
— Do pens but silly further her advance?  
May one not speed her but in phrase askance?  
Do scribes ever the Comic to be Reverend still?"

" Still rule those minds on earth  
 At whom sage Milton's wormwood words were hurled :  
 " Truth like a bastard comes into the world  
 Never without ill-fame to him who gives her birth ? ? ? "

In all the rhetorical armory of Mr. Hardy irony is the weapon most frequently and effectively used. In this volume examples are not far to seek, and they vary from what is unrelieved tragedy to what is merely pathos tinged with melancholy. Our example shall be of the less poignant sort, taken from the poem on the Pyramid of Cestius.

" Who, then, was Cestius,  
 And what is he to me ? —  
 Amid thick thoughts and memories multitudinous  
 One thought alone brings he.  
 " I can recall no word  
 Of anything he did ;  
 For me he is a man who died and was interred  
 To leave a pyramid.  
 " Whose purpose was exurst  
 Not with its first design,  
 Nor till, far down in time, beside it found their rest  
 Two countrymen of mine."

Taken as a whole, this volume of Mr. Hardy's poems makes an important contribution to our literature. This is due to its thought rather than to its expression, to its weight rather than to its grace, for the author is weighty even when he essays the triolet and the villanelle. The dates attached to some of these poems indicate that the author has been writing verse for many years past, and that his new departure is in their publication, not in their composition.

Mr. Henley is unmistakably endowed with the lyric gift, although he takes delight in ragged and robustious measures. His songs are more suggestive of the blare of trumpets than of the tinkling of lutes, yet they are nevertheless songs. Fancies are not for this singer, who is content with nothing less than a revelation of the very core of passion, as, for example, in this striking set of couplets :

" Love, which is Lust, is the Lamp in the Tomb.  
 Love, which is Lust, is the Call from the Gloom.  
 " Love, which is Lust, is the Main of Desire.  
 Love, which is Lust, is the Centric Fire.  
 " So man and woman will keep their trust,  
 Till the very Springs of the Sea run dust.  
 " Yes, each with the other will lose and win,  
 Till the very Sides of the Grave fall in.  
 " For the strife of Love 's the abyssal strife,  
 And the word of Love is the Word of Life.  
 " And they that go with the Word unsaid,  
 Though they seem of the living, are damned and dead."

There is nothing of sentimental pallor in such verse as this, but rich color as of wine, and heat as of the orb of day. It is not often that Mr. Henley works in tints as neutral as those of the following lovely lines.

" The downs, like uplands in Eden,  
 Gleam in an afterglow  
 Like a rose-world ruining earthwards —  
 Mystical, wistful, slow !

" Near and afar in the leafage,  
 That last glad call to the nest !  
 And the thought of you hangs and triumphs  
 With Hesper low in the west !  
 " Till the song and the light and the colour,  
 The passion of earth and sky,  
 Are blent in a rapture of boding  
 Of the death we should one day die."

These two songs represent perhaps the extremes of the collection called " Hawthorn and Lavender," which is a real addition to the English lyric treasury. The " London Types " that follow are more like the racy earlier work of Mr. Henley. In the form of the Shakespearian sonnet they depict such figures as the bus driver, the hawker, and the sandwich man. The barmaid is thus described :

" Her head 's a work of art, and, if her eyes  
 Be tired and ignorant, she has a waist ;  
 Cheaply the Modes she shadows ; and she tries  
 From penny novels to amend her taste ;  
 And, having mopped the zinc for certain years,  
 And faced the gas, she fades and disappears."

Finally, Mr. Henley's volume gives us a group of " Epicedia," which includes his magnificent tribute " Regine Dilectissimae Victoriae," than which no nobler song was evoked by the death of the Queen.

" Think, when she passed,  
 Think what a pageant of immortal acts,  
 Done in the unapproachable face  
 Of time by the high, transcending human mind,  
 Shone and acclaimed  
 And triumphed in her advent ! Think of the ghosts,  
 Think of the mighty ghosts : soldiers and priests,  
 Artists and captains of discovery,  
 God's chosen, His adventurers up the heights  
 Of thought and deed — how many of them that led  
 The forlorn hopes of the World ! —  
 Her peers and servants, made the air  
 Of her death-chamber glorious ! Think how they thronged  
 About her bed, and with what pride  
 They took this sister-ghost  
 Tenderly into the night !"

From this high level of superb imaginative utterance the whole long poem does not for a moment decline. Here is the voice of a laureate by divine right, needing no official distinction for its recognition. As Browning said, " Why crown whom Zeus hath crowned in soul before ? " Among these commemorative pieces, the sonnet dedicated to the memory of Thomas Edward Brown, is so truthful a portrait as well as so beautiful a poem that it must be reproduced.

" He looked half-parson and half-skipper : a quaint,  
 Beautiful blend, with blue eyes good to see,  
 And old-world whiskers. You found him cynic, saint,  
 Salt, humourist, Christian, poet ; with a free,  
 Far-glancing, luminous utterance ; and a heart  
 Large as ST. FRANCIS'S : withal a brain  
 Stored with experience, letters, fancy, art,  
 And scored with ruses of human joy and pain.  
 Till six-and-sixty years he used his gift,  
 His gift unparalleled, of laughter and tears,  
 And left the world a high-piled, golden drift  
 Of verse : to grow more golden with the years,  
 Till the Great Silence fallen upon his ways  
 Break into Song, and he that had Love have Praise."

The volume that offers all these things, and many more of equal beauty, is a gift indeed.

To bend the bow of Ulysses, to take up once more the most pathetic and human of Greek tales, to restore the figure that Homer clothed with thought and wisdom, that Dante and Tennyson invested with new attributes of spiritual mystery — this has been the latest task of Mr. Stephen Phillips, and it falls fairly within the reach of his powers. Not an original poet, he has shown himself to be an imitative poet of remarkable parts, and particularly, both in his "Herod" and his "Paolo and Francesca," he has exhibited the capacity for reviving and fashioning in modern guise the old-world story about which the emotion of centuries has gradually collected. For a poet of his talent the selection of a subject is half the battle, and he has been as happy in his selection of the Ithacan wanderer as he was in his selection of the lovers of Rimini. "Ulysses" is a drama in a prologue and three acts. It is not Homer alone that the drama recalls, for Mr. Phillips is eclectic in his method, and no little of his inspiration in the present case has come from Germanic sources. The prologue is an echo of the "Prolog im Himmel" of "Faust," and in the first act — the parting from Calypso — there is not a little of the feeling of Tannhäuser in the Venusberg. The prologue is a distinctly unfortunate invention or imitation. The deep irony of Goethe's pantheon is missing, and we have instead such lumbering humor as the defence of Zeus, when twitted with his own escapades for the purposes of arousing his sympathies in behalf of the hero held captive in Ogygia.

"The time that earthly women had their share  
In this large bosom's universal care,  
That Danaë, Leda, Leto, all had place  
In my most broad beneficent embrace :  
True that we gods who on Olympus dwell  
With mortal passion sympathize too well."

We are glad to get past this luckless attempt at the serio-comic, and into the entirely serious tale of the hero. What is probably the finest passage of the poem is the outburst of Ulysses when he declares himself to Calypso.

"Then have the truth; I speak as a man speaks;  
Pour out my heart like treasure at your feet.  
This odorous amorous isle of violets,  
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,  
With brooding music over noon tide mōs,  
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee,—  
Then stars like opening eyes on closing flowers,—  
Palls on my heart. Ah, God! that I might see  
Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge,  
You lashed and streaming rocks, and sobbing crags,  
The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud :—  
To see far off the smoke of my own hearth,  
To smell far out the glebe of my own farms,  
To spring alive upon her precipices,  
And hurl the singing spear into the air;  
To scoop the mountain torrent in my hand,  
And plunge into the midnight of her pines;  
To look into the eyes of her who bore me,  
And clasp his knees who 'gat me in his joy.  
Prove if my son be like my dream of him.  
We two have played and tossed each other words;  
Goddess and mortal we have met and kissed.  
Now am I mad for silence and for tears,

For the earthly voice that breaks at earthly ill,  
The mortal hands that make and smooth the bed.  
I am an-hungered for that human breast,  
That bosom a sweet hive of memories—  
There, there to lay my head before I die,  
There, there to be, there only, there at last!"

The second act is the descent into hell, and the third the return to Ithaca. This last act has all the familiar incidents of the swineherd, the nurse who recognizes her master by the boar's scar, the insolent mockery of the old man by the suitors, the sign of Athena, and the palace become a slaughter-house. This part of the story tells itself, and commands, as it has done for three thousand years, the rapt attention and the responsive tears of those to whom it is told. When the eyes grow dim as one pathetic incident after another is unfolded, it is to Homer that their tribute is paid rather than to Mr. Phillips, yet we would not be grudging of our admiration for the skill with which the English poet has made use of the material thus brought to his hand. He has made a poem that may be read (except for the prologue) with unalloyed satisfaction, and he has at the same time written a play that deserves to hold the stage, not merely as a dramatic curiosity, but as a permanent addition to the serious repertory of a regenerated English drama.

Six collections of verse in thirteen years is the record of Mr. Arthur Symons. The sixth collection, entitled "The Loom of Dreams," added to a review of all that the author cares to preserve out of the other five, is given us in the two volumes of "Poems" now published. The occasion is consequently fitting to say a few words concerning the entire poetical product of this talented writer, rather than merely to give an example of his latest work. Mr. Symons is clearly a poet who will have to be reckoned with in future estimates of the recent period, by virtue of the exquisite delicacy and sensibility of a portion of his work, rather than by virtue of any special message or inspiration that may be gathered from his work as a whole. Considered as a whole, indeed, that work is so alien to English ideals of beauty and of conduct that it must be regarded as a "sport" rather than as a natural blossoming of English speech. Its frank sensuality and its morbid eroticism are characteristics reflected from the French *décadents* — from Baudelaire and Verlaine — rather than illustrations of the noble spiritual tradition of Shelley and Wordsworth and Tennyson. Mr. Symons remains in successive volumes, and with consistent purpose, what Rossetti and Browning and Mr. Swinburne were at moments only, the poet of the flesh. We forgive this trait in Rossetti on the score of his Italian blood and his marvellous artistry; we forgive it in Browning because it was coupled with robust intellectual vigor; we forgive it in Mr. Swinburne because it was only a passing phase — a boyish fling — redeemed a hundred times over by the exaltation of the spirit which is Mr. Swinburne's most marked quality. But the Puritan in us can hardly forgive a man who year-

after year plays upon the strings of sense, and runs the whole gamut of carnal passion until, satiety being achieved, he can find no nobler refuge than a nauseating mixture of faint sensuality and religious mysticism. As long as he can hold to it, the motto of his song seems to be that of these lines from "Liber Amoris" — lines that derive directly from Baudelaire:

"What's virtue, Bianca? Have we not  
Agreed the word should be forgot,  
That ours be every dear device  
And all the subtleties of vice,  
And, in diverse imaginings,  
The savour of forbidden things?"

Our quotation must close abruptly with the comma, because what follows is unfit for decent print. But even this sort of thing is better than the mawkish religiosity of the mood that succeeds.

"O Most High! I will pray, look down through the seven  
Passionate veils of heaven,  
Out of eternal peace, where the world's desire  
Enfolds thee in veils of fire;  
Holy of Holies, the immaculate Lamb,  
Behold me, the thing I am!  
I, the redeemed of thy blood, the bought with a price,  
The reward of thy sacrifice,  
I, who walk with thy saints in a robe of white,  
And who worship thee day and night,  
Behold me, the thing I am, and do thou beat back  
These feet that burn on my track."

The feet are those of the dogs of sensual desire, but there is no real repentance in the prayer, only a subtler form of the self-indulgence that has brought this pitiful soul to so pitiful a pass. The unwholesome character of these poems by Mr. Symons has to be emphasized because their verbal magic is potent to charm even when they glorify what is most base in human nature. How pure and true a poet Mr. Symons can be at his best may be illustrated by these lovely verses written at Montserrat:

"Peace waits among the hills;  
I have drunk peace,  
Here, where the blue air fills  
The great cup of the hills,  
And fills with peace."  
  
"Between the earth and sky,  
I have seen the earth  
Like a dark cloud go by,  
And fade out of the sky;  
There was no more earth."  
  
"Here, where the Holy Graal  
Brought secret light  
Once, from beyond the veil,  
I, seeing no Holy Graal,  
See divine light."  
  
"Light fills the hills with God,  
Wind with his breath.  
And here, in his abode,  
Light, wind, and air praise God,  
And this poor breath."

One more lyric, representing the author's latest work, must be quoted. It is called "The Crying of Water."

"O water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand,  
All night long crying with a mournful cry,  
As I lie and listen, and cannot understand

The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of the sea,  
O water, crying for rest, is it I, is it I?  
All night long the water is crying to me.

"Unresting water, there shall never be rest  
Till the last moon droop and the last tide fail,  
And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west;  
And the heart shall be weary and wonder and cry like the  
sea,  
All life long crying without avail,  
As the water all night long is crying to me."

This seems to us one of the most beautiful things in English song; its tender pathos is fairly matched by the subtle music of the verse, and the result is quite beyond criticism. A very slender sheaf of such verse as this would outweigh all the contents of these two substantial volumes.

In the metrical freedom as well as in the natural imagery of the later work of Mr. Symons the attentive ear may catch echoes, not alone of Verlaine and his fellows, but also of the neo-Celtic movement in English poetry. Let us set by the side of the poem last quoted this stanza by another writer:

"O sands of my heart, what wind moans low along thy  
shadowy shore?  
Is that the deep sea-heart I hear with the dying sob at its  
core?  
Each dim lost wave that lapses is like a closing door:  
'Tis closing doors they hear at last who soon shall hear no  
more,  
Who soon shall hear no more."

The two poems might have been written by the same hand, yet the one just illustrated is the work, not of Mr. Arthur Symons, but of Miss "Fiona Macleod." We take it from a recent selection of her songs, containing pieces both old and new, and entitled "From the Hills of Dream." Having made the one extract for the purpose of indicating a parallelism of sentiment and artistic method, we we will make one more for the sake of its own sheer loveliness.

"Dim face of Beauty haunting all the world,  
Fair face of Beauty all too fair to see,  
Where the lost stars adown the heavens are hurled,  
There, there alone for thee  
May white peace be."

"For here where all the dreams of men are whirled  
Like sore torn leaves of autumn to and fro,  
There is no place for thee in all the world,  
Who driftest as a star,  
Beyond, afar."

"Beauty, sad face of Beauty, Mystery, Wonder,  
What are these dreams to foolish babbling men —  
Who cry with little noise 'neath the thunders  
Of ages ground to sand,  
To a little sand."

Simplicity of diction, subtlety of thought, and absolute sincerity are the qualities which give distinction to the poetry of Mrs. Alice Meynell. She publishes little because she is too severe a censor of her own work to allow it to stream forth unrestrained. Her own artistic conscience must be satisfied, and then the reader may say what he will. Her "Later Poems" constitute a volume even more slender than the earlier "Poems" that won the applause of such critics as Ruskin, Rossetti, and

Patmore. They include nothing quite equal to "Renouncement" and one or two other pieces of the earlier collection, but it is also true that they contain nothing that we would willingly spare. We quote "A Dead Harvest," one of the most exquisite of them all.

"Along the graceless grass of town  
They rake the rows of red and brown,  
Dead leaves, unlike the rows of hay,  
Delicate, neither gold nor grey,  
Raked long ago and far away."

"A narrow silence in the park ;  
Between the lights a narrow dark.  
One street rolls on the north, and one,  
Muffled, upon the south doth run.  
Amid the mist the work is done."

"A futile crop ; for it the fire  
Smoulders, and, for a stack, a pyre.  
So go the town's lives on the breeze,  
Even as the sheddings of the trees ;  
Bosom nor barn is filled with these."

There are less than a score of pieces altogether, but they are of precious metal, almost without alloy.

Mrs. Meynell has spent the past winter in California, and has doubtless learned, among other things surprising to an Englishwoman, that the Pacific Coast has a stimulating intellectual atmosphere as well as a tonic physical climate. The number of far Western books that compel attention is rapidly increasing from year to year, and presages a possible future in which the region which the late Charles Dudley Warner called "our Italy" may charm us by art as it now charms us by nature. The volume of "Poems" by Miss Irene Hardy has much of the characteristic Western breeziness and originality so attractive to the jaded senses of the older civilizations, yet it offers work which is by no means lawless in form, and which maintains the tradition of good English verse. We might emphasize its local coloring by a series of extracts, but prefer, on the whole, to find our illustrative example in a piece which savors of no time or place. It is a sonnet on the sonnet, which is a peculiarly difficult thing to write well enough to arouse more than a languid interest. Miss Hardy has done this difficult thing, as these lines attest :

"The sonnet is the violet of song,  
A flower that springs responsive to the rain  
Of tears, or to the heart when under strain  
Of joy so deep that silence would do wrong  
To life and love ; then lyric phrases throng  
The thought, intoning, rise and fall, — again,  
Again, — like evening bells in low refrain,  
As if the words the passion would prolong.  
O thou that seekest to make this little flower  
Bloom in thy garden-plot of poesy,  
Behold how dear it was to laureate Kings  
And plant thou, too, in sacred earth and bower ;  
And men shall love thee in the years to be  
As one who loved and cherished loveliest things."

The "Ode for Forefathers' Day" which closes Miss Hardy's volume is peculiarly interesting as the tribute of a Western writer to the idealism upon which our nation was founded. It is also a noble poem, from which we gladly quote.

"As Homer saw the Prospect Wide, nor knew  
The bounds by Nature set, nor dreamed nor thought to dream  
How great man's mind should one day make it seem,  
The Pilgrim Heros, from their mount of vision, drew,  
With eye of faith a far perspective, true  
To God-given promise, yet to them too dim  
For all surmise, except obedience to Him.  
In a land they did not know, transplanted side by side,  
Their love and hope and faith, these three, till now abide."

Another book of verse from the same far Western country is called "California Violets," and is the work of Miss Grace Hibbard. The title is aptly chosen, for modesty and dewy freshness are proper words to describe these unpretending lyrics. "A White Chrysanthemum" is a typical example.

"Last night beside my hearthstone  
She sat in snowy dress ;  
The firelight touched her golden hair  
With many a fond caress.  
"She wore white autumn flowers,  
Like frozen stars they seemed ;  
One flower she left, else I should think  
Of angels I had dreamed."

Some verses on "The Man without the Hoe" are worth mentioning.

"No flights of fancy are his,  
No flutterings up to the stars ;  
No beating of feeble hands  
Upon Fate's unyielding bars.  
"Sing not of chains unto him,  
To the man who holds the hoe,  
For mighty 's his brawny arm,  
And powerful to o'erthrow.  
"But pity, your pity, I crave,  
For the man without the hoe.  
Slender fingers, blue-veined brow,  
Oh, many such one you know."

"The Arcadian Library" is a new series of small volumes of verse, and "The Watchers of the Hearth," by Mr. Benjamin Sledd, is the first volume. Mr. Sledd's verses are of the gentle contemplative sort, marked by an instinctive refinement, breathing a tempered melancholy and a delicate pathos. "The Wraith of Roanoke" is a good example.

"Like a mist of the sea at morn it comes,  
Gliding among the fisher-homes, —  
The vision of a woman fair ;  
And every eye beholds her there  
Above the topmost dune,  
With fluttering robe and streaming hair,  
Seaward gazing in dumb despair,  
Like one who begs of the waves a boon.  
"Lone ghost, of the daring few who came  
And passing, left but a tree-carved name  
And the mystery of Croatan :  
And out of our country's dawning years  
I hear the weeping of woman's tears :  
With a woman's eyes I dimly scan  
Day after day the far blue verge,  
And pray of the loud unpitying surge,  
And every wind of heaven, to urge  
The sails that alone can succor her fate, —  
The wigwam dark and the savage mate,  
The love more cruel than cruelest hate, —  
Still burns on her cheek that fierce hot breath, —  
And the shame too bitter to hide in death."

The following exquisite descriptive bit must be added before taking leave of Mr. Sledd :

"Over the summer lands,  
The blossoming clouds float by,—  
Pure lilies flung from angel hands  
On the broad blue deep of the sky;  
Or caught on the mountain strands  
In restless heaps they lie."

"The Soul-at-Arms and Other Poems," by Mr. James Robinson Smith, is a volume not unlike the preceding one in sentiment and refinement, although perhaps dealing with a more abstract order of ideas. But, however philosophical the burden of these verses, there is nearly always something to bring them into direct touch with concrete human life. This touch is more evident than usual in the following sonnet, with its impressive ethical lesson:

"The streets were angry on that starless night  
With people hungry for their daily bread.  
I stood confounded, till, above my head,  
A pale-lit window drew me to its height.  
A man was bending near a candle-light,  
And when I asked him what he did, he said,  
Beside my wish for eating and my bed,  
I make me learn a little English right.  
The crowd stood cursing its inhuman fate,  
Or sat contented in its misery.  
While he, as poor as they and starving, late  
And early steers his chosen destiny.  
We are what we set out for, and the great  
And blest of all are with us as we try."

The sonnet and the quatrain are Mr. Smith's favorite forms, and the latter deserves illustration no less than the former.

"His better words are lonely as his ways,  
Though human friendship is his great desire.  
He dreams of olive peace through precious days,  
But finds contentment in consuming fire."

Mr. Robert Bridges is known to a wide circle of readers as the pungent commentator upon books and manners who enlivens the pages of "Life." That he can turn a neat bit of verse is also fairly well known, although the extent of his versifying, as revealed by his newly-published "Bramble Brae," may prove to some a surprise. He courts the occasional, personal, or bookish muse, for the most part, although he sometimes resorts to the more general inspirations of natural beauty and the tender sentiment of the common human relations. His highest strain is reached in such a poem as "A Toast to Our Native Land."

"Huge yet alert, inscrutable yet strong,  
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong.  
One time we pour out millions to be free,  
Then rashly sweep an empire from the sea!  
One time we strike the shackles from the slaves,  
And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves.  
Often we rudely break restraining bars,  
And confidently reach out toward the stars.

"Yet under all these flows a hidden stream  
Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great dream  
Of Washington and Franklin, men of old.  
Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold.  
This is the Land we love, our heritage,  
Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage  
And full of promise—destined to be great.  
Drink to our Native Land! God Bless the State!"

We have often thought (and said) that some of the best of literary criticism is written in verse, and cer-

tain of the pieces by Mr. Bridges "Written in Books" would serve well to illustrate the proposition.

"Here is a forest tangle—  
Rank weeds, luxuriant ferns, and giant trees,  
All in a hoarse-voiced wrangle,  
With creaking branches swaying in the breeze.  
But if you care to listen,  
Above the noise you'll hear the piping of a bird,  
Gay feathers in the tree-tops glister,  
And over all the sweetest music ever heard."

One does not have to think long before realizing that this is a description of Mr. George Meredith's poetry. We will leave our readers to guess which particular sensational novelist of the day is described in the following couplet:

"He sits in a sea-green grotto with a bucket of lurid paint,  
And draws the Thing as it isn't for the God of Things as they ain't!"

Mr. John Vance Cheney has a subtle lyrical gift, although we have sometimes thought that he exercised it too frequently or on too slight occasion. We do not have this thought in turning over the volume which he quite simply calls "Lyrics," for this volume is a selection from the best material of its predecessors, supplemented by a few poems now published for the first time. Being a selection only from a much larger mass of material, this volume has a high average quality, and should notably enhance Mr. Cheney's reputation. The nature-lyric is the species of composition which he most affects, and here is one of half a hundred examples.

"Mute the ferny woodland ways,  
Hushed the merry meadow-lays;  
Stillness all and heavy haze  
Of the charmed August days.  
In the hollow, on the steep,  
Dwells a silence long and deep;  
Not the smallest whisper, now,  
Of the secrets of the bough;  
In his glory hid, alone,  
Sits the hill god on his throne."

"No great thing," the reader may say, and the reply must be, "Certainly not"—yet there is an elusive music in the lines that makes them seem very charming. With what gravity and justice of view Mr. Cheney can handle a more serious theme may be well illustrated by his lines on the death of the Queen.

"Answer the cabin and the hunting-shed  
The voice of mourning in the royal halls;  
The shadow crawls upon the crowned head,  
From out her palsied hand the sooty falls.  
So. Wrap her in the banner from her walls;  
The word of sorrow, why should it be said?  
Hark! up and down the earth gray honor calls,  
And the long glories gather round her bed.  
Through all the years her people have been fed,  
Yea, the wild ox has fattened in her stalls;  
To islands of the sea her lines have spread,  
Proud sons of song have sung her madrigals.  
Come, robe her not in white, and stand and weep;  
Wrap round the banner-fold, and let her sleep."

It is interesting to place this tribute to the august shade of Victoria beside the tribute, more impassioned, but not more sincere, quoted from one of the Queen's own subjects in an earlier section of this review.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

## BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*An Historian of British India.*

The death, on February 6, 1900, of Sir William Wilson Hunter, deprived England of one of those builders of colonial empire to whose energies the nation owes much of her present greatness. Hunter's life, as portrayed by Mr. F. H. Skrine, exhibits a man of superior ability, with high purposes not unmixed with great personal ambition, gifted as a writer and rarely qualified as an organizer. His career may be divided logically into three distinct epochs. Born in 1840, in Scotland, equipped with a satisfactory education, he had to carve out his own fortune, and with characteristic energy he sought and won in open competition a modest place in the civil service of India. From 1862 to 1887 he remained with the Indian government, advancing step by step from a minor position to that of chief of the department of statistics and publication. His genius lay in the direction of literary presentation, and to his pen, more than to that of any other, Englishmen are indebted for a knowledge and appreciation of the vital conditions of Indian government. His monumental work, "The Imperial Gazetteer of India," furnished a fund of information unsurpassed in its time as an example of useful statistical compilation. This was, however, but one of his many activities; for not only was he an efficient worker in ordinary departmental administration, but he was constantly occupied in historical studies of Indian states and peoples, in the publication of books resulting from these studies, in the weekly production of leading articles for at least two papers in India, and in correspondence with London journals. His articles for the press are numberless, while of printed works some twenty complete volumes of descriptive writing and thirty-eight volumes of statistics testify to the intensive energy of the man. In 1883 Hunter returned to England, and immediately became an authority at home upon Indian questions, filling the position of an expert in this field for "The Times." Besides many biographies and histories written or edited in this last period, he had entered upon the preparation of a history of British India, of which the first volume was printed two years ago, and he was at work upon the second at the time of his death. Judging from the first volume, it is not too much to say that had he been permitted to complete the "British India" he would have ranked as one of the great historians of modern times, not perhaps in the way of detailed scientific examination, but in the power to grasp great causes and great movements, and in the ability to portray them in attractive form. Mr. Skrine's biography of Hunter is not impartial, and it is not scientific. The author was in a certain way a *protégé* of Hunter's, and is not free to adopt a critical attitude. Hunter, like other strong men, made many enemies and aroused much criticism; yet this does not appear in the present volume. He was of sufficient importance

to have merited an accurate historical biography, one that would have presented both sides of controverted questions. Nevertheless, the volume as it stands is wholly readable; and the author has at least done well in leaving much of his narrative to personal letters. These couched in Hunter's own attractive style are charming and valuable. (Longmans.)

*Italian politics of to-day.* A prophecy of the future of Italy based upon the introductory chapters of "Italy To-Day" (Scribner), the joint production of Mr. Bolton King and Mr. Thomas Okey, would be a very gloomy one. It would, indeed, be difficult to draw a more sombre picture than that presented of the disordered national finances, the industrial distress, the weakness and irresolution of government, and in particular of the all pervading corruption in political circles. New York under Tweed was pure in comparison with the Italian government in its unblushing sale of important contracts and privileges. The utter lack of any principle of public honesty in government necessarily implies a national blindness to the enormity of the offense. In Italy, in truth, the student of history may easily discover in the corruption of to-day the elements that once constituted the essentials of social and political conditions in many of the petty states in former centuries. United Italy is a modern product. The absorption of many governments in one, the assertion of modern doctrines of political right, the adoption of the outward forms of a progressive state, are not the sole nor even the principal factors of strength and permanence. Italy is just realizing that formal unity in government is but the first step toward perfected nationality. Yet it is at least an evidence of progress that this fact is now fully grasped by the leaders in all domains of intellectual activity; and in this the authors find the greatest hope for the future. In their view, the vital necessity of the moment is not so much the enactment of remedial social legislation as the adoption by political parties of some definite ideals. The monarchy, deprived of the popularity which was its strength in the first years of union, is no longer a force binding Italy together. Parliamentary government, reinforced and purified by guiding principles, may still furnish the tie, but at present the Socialists are the only purists. Old ideals no longer exist, and, in the dearth of spiritual or uplifting causes, politics and corruption have become synonymous. National leaders are without honor and professedly without hope; they must give place to newer men of higher purpose. The signs are not wanting that such a change is imminent. In spite, therefore, of the candid and instructive exposition and analysis of the evils existent in the outward manifestations of Italian life, as they shape themselves in politics and in social movements, the thesis is maintained with vigor "that underneath the slough of misgovernment and corruption and political apathy there is a rejuvenated nation, instinct with the qualities

that make a great people." Where so much evil exists, the struggle for betterment must needs be severe, and it may be violent; but the future, it is asserted, is distinctly hopeful. In interest, clearness of treatment, and thoroughness of examination, the book is a valuable contribution to the study of Italian politics.

*Nature, art, literature, and other matters.* Mrs. Ellen Russell Emerson's "Nature and Human Na-

ture" (Houghton). Literature, language, and art, including music, also come in for discussion. In her treatment of art, and symbolism in art, the author shows herself most at home, despite an occasional fanciful idea or far-fetched analogy. Her interpretation of the Laocoön as suggesting, in the serpents' undulating folds, "the gliding stanchless waves of the sea, against whose onward movement there is no barrier," is new to us. Were Poseidon the offended divinity in the case, this reading of the symbol would be more plausible. But the temptation to subtilize on art, as Lessing says in his "Laocoön," sometimes leads one into whimsical theories. As an interpreter of nature, Mrs. Emerson is helpful. Passing to letters, she asserts that when a poet willingly becomes a translator of another's verse, he thereby stands confessed as a minor poet. Hence she refuses to recognize Longfellow and Bryant as great poets. Leaving Pope out of the account, does she forget that Goethe and Schiller and Browning also tried their hand at translating? Or would she deny greatness to them as well? Evidently not; for she afterwards speaks of Browning in the same breath with Shakespeare, ascribing to both the "balance of heart and brain" that marks the true poet. The writer's thought, it must be said in conclusion, suffers for lack of terseness and incisiveness in its presentation. We choose, almost at random, a sentence that cries out for the pruning-knife,— "Interpretation of the sublimity of an uplift of rock, forest, and tableland is product of a vision dependent on the soul's sight, and sublimity is not more intrinsic to mountainous scenery than is color to a garden of flowers." The Gallicism in the following is so harsh, and so unnecessary, as to merit censure,— "Scientific discovery, indeed, has laid its axe to the root of many errors, and among which the error of self-importance is not the least conspicuous." May linguistic discovery soon lay its axe to the root of this error of speech! A number of new or little-used words, as "sculptuary" (*i. q. sculpture*), "bolide," "landscapist," are encountered in Mrs. Emerson's pleasant pages.

The title "The Jew as a Patriot"  
*A defender of the Jewish race.* (Baker & Taylor Co.) fitly describes

the little book which the Rev. Mr. Peters, a Baptist clergyman of New York, has packed full of statistics illustrating the leadership of men of Hebrew birth or lineage in the world's enterprises. His object is to furnish a thesis in

reply to Mark Twain's magazine article, which presented the Jew as "charged with a patriotic disinclination to stand by the flag as a soldier," and as "by his make and his ways, substantially a foreigner wherever he may be." Mr. Clemens's subsequent apology was but partial, in saying as he did that when publishing his article he "was ignorant, like the rest of the Christian world, that the Jew had a record as a soldier." Mr. Peters's rapid summary of the patriotic record made by the Jews in the American Civil War merely states facts which were well known to those engaged in that war, and Mr. Clemens's confession of ignorance should not have attempted to screen itself behind what he imagined to be "the rest of the Christian world." But Mr. Peters shows, further, an equally creditable record of Hebrew patriotism, military, civil, political, and financial, in the earlier wars of the American republic, and also in the history of several of the leading states of Continental Europe. So far from being singled out for reproach in any respect, the Jew is entitled to especial credit for not suffering his patriotism to be in any degree weakened by the cosmopolitan character which the accidents of history have imposed upon his race. His universal patriotism, local wherever the Jew himself becomes locally domiciled, entitles him to the high encomium of a true "citizen of the world"; and this characteristic has been well illustrated in Mr. Peters's monograph. In his zeal for his chosen clients, our author goes further, and in a concluding chapter expounds generally the indebtedness of the world to the Jewish race. In one chapter, occupying nine pages, personal examples of their preëminence in poetry and the drama, in music, art, and science, in law, history, and criticism, are furnished in profusion. "No man," he says, "needs to apologize for belonging to a race which has produced such poets." And on the subject of the Hebrews as money-makers, his statistics show that they are, in the great mass, people in poor and humble circumstances, and that the great capitalists among them are but few. America, whose fair and impartial treatment of her Hebrew citizens has done much to atone for the slights put upon this proscribed race before the advent of the Great Republic, now adds generosity to her justice in the publication of this brief but earnest tribute to their great ability and patriotism.

*A history of Little Wales.* The little mountainous country of Wales has had a history full of tragedy, war, and romance. It has been involved in the political ambitions of several races, and of many kings. It conquered, and was conquered repeatedly, until it was finally swallowed up politically by the crown of England. Mr. Owen M. Edwards of Oxford makes the first attempt to present in a single volume, in the "Story of the Nations" series (Putnam), a continuous history of Wales from ancient times down to the present day. A Welshman himself, he was able to make use of

the original documents for some of the more disputed portions of this long stretch of history. The first half of his book sketches the rise and fall of the princely caste in a very condensed form. In fact, this part of the volume suffers from too great condensation. The reader labors continually under the disadvantage of not knowing enough of the great facts of the period which the writer too often takes for granted as familiar to him. The second part of the volume, sketching the rise of a self-educated and self-governing peasantry, does not present the same difficulty for the reader. It rounds up the history in a more completed form, and gives a more definite idea of the sequence of events and their relations the one to the other. Principal Rhys of Oxford has given us our best history of the period of the formation of the Welsh people, and Mr. Seehom has expounded in detail their early social history. Consequently Mr. Edwards has passed lightly over these two themes. With the almost necessary condensation of the volume, it nevertheless gives us the best single-volume history of one of the hardest and most substantial little peoples of the Old World.

*Mr. Jones's play of "The Liars."*

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy of "The Liars" (Macmillan) will add its mite to the discussion of that perpetually unsettled problem in casuistry, whether or not falsehood is ever justifiable. Here a woman, eager for attention and praise, is wedded to a man miserly in his affections. A mighty traveller, who has won the plaudits of all Britain by his conduct during a ticklish time in Africa, returns to civilization and falls desperately in love with the half-neglected wife. She plays with fire long enough to be found in his company at a riverside inn, about to dine with him. The discoverer, her brother-in-law, telegraphs the husband. Friends of hers arriving just after, the wife returns home, and one of the friends, the peacemaker of the book, dines with the lover instead. Then everyone unites to lie the wife out of her scrape,—some of them men of the utmost probity, who still find it impossible to disclose facts which may have so tragic an ending for so comic an episode. The plot is ingenious, the conversation is brilliant without being surcharged with impossible epigram, the final curtain is well contrived, and the play is sufficiently analytical and involved to make an intellectual appeal. Its popularity is sufficiently attested by the fact that it held the boards of the Criterion Theatre in London for a year or more in 1897–8, Mr. Charles Wyndham appearing as the "peacemaker" of the cast. Still, the work is not in Mr. Jones's best manner. It lacks those flashes of satire which so brilliantly exposed the weaknesses of the British middle classes, concerning itself only with the follies of the aristocracy. It points no moral higher than the inexpediency of being caught, or the expediency of treating one's wife with due consideration. But it is still a great advance on

the dramatic work of a generation ago, and brings to the American a sharper realization of the unfortunate condition of dramatic affairs in his own country.

*Essays upon Florentine and Italian history.*

Professor Pasquale Villari's "Two First Centuries of Florentine History" (Scribner) has become so well known since the appearance of the two-volume edition in 1895, that an extended review of the work in its new single-volume form is not necessary. The present issue of the book hardly attains to the dignity of a second edition. The chronicle of the pseudo Brunetto Latini has been omitted; otherwise there is no change in the text. Page for page, word for word, the matter is the same, even as simple a slip as that on page 158, where the name of Frederick I. has crept into the text, obviously in the place of Henry VI., is retained. So also the many offenses of the translator against ordinary English usage,—conspicuously on the title-page,—have been left untouched. It may be well to repeat, however, this much of what has been said before. The book is not a history of Florence, as the title might lead one to suppose. It is rather a collection of brilliant and valuable essays upon Florentine and Italian institutions that have appeared before in various Italian journals,—the dates of publication ranging over a period of nearly thirty years. The author, however, has never taken the trouble to rewrite these articles in the light of the subsequent work of such investigators as Capponi, Hartwig, Scheffer Birchorst, and others. Other than an occasional foot-note, no use has been made of this new material.

*First of modern landscape artists.*

Fifth among the numbers of the "Artist's Library" (Longmans), edited by Mr. Laurence Binyon, is Mr. C. J. Holmes's volume on Constable. As in the preceding volumes, a pleasantly written biography of the painter, drawn in this case from the inclusive work of Leslie, precedes an extended critical survey of his work. It is unfortunate that Mr. Holmes should be obliged—compelled is perhaps the better word—to defend his painter from the attacks upon his art and method which Ruskin's enthusiasm for Turner caused him to make; but it is a pious duty, and is well performed. The delight with which Constable's work was received in France long before he had been accorded the praise his genius deserved in his own England might have warned Mr. Holmes against making too much of the state of painting in Great Britain at the time, and the cautious reader will receive his dicta on the superiority of British art with some allowances for patriotic fervor. But he is right in calling Constable the first of the moderns in landscape, and doubly right in bringing forward proofs of his real veneration and regard for his predecessors, however much he departed from them. The book concludes with twenty-four reproductions, in half-tone, of Constable's most characteristic work.

*The life of a holy man of England.*

The life of "Monsieur Vincent," by Mr. James Adderley, following the life of St. Francis by the same author in the "Lives of Holy Men" series (Longmans), has less of vital interest than the earlier volume. A life given up in great measure to purely administrative details, however fruitful of good and however significant in the development of civilization, does not easily lend itself to the purposes of the story-teller. In the opening chapter, Mr. Adderley says: "We admire the capacity and wonder at the genius of men who are able to conceive and carry out just one piece of work in a lifetime; John Howard, the reformer of prisons; John Wesley, the popularizer of the Gospel; Lord Shaftesbury, the friend of the over-worked women and children; Dr. Pusey, the reviver of the belief in Church and Sacraments. What are we to think of a single man who combined the work of all these and more besides?" What St. Vincent accomplished in these various directions is told simply, with some little incidental comparison of his methods with the methods of social and religious reformers of our time, and not always to the credit of the latter. If Mr. Adderley errs as a biographer, it is in his uncritical attitude toward his hero, an attitude perhaps made necessary by the narrow limits imposed upon him in compressing so much into so small a book.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

The new edition of "Studies of the Greek Poets," by John Addington Symonds, is reprinted unchanged, and means nothing more than that the earlier impression had become exhausted. We are glad that the demand for this sterling work requires a new edition every few years, for it is the best book of its kind in the language, and has done incalculable service to students of literature in revealing to them the ethical and aesthetic aspects of Greek poetry. It does not say the final word of scholarship upon the subject, but it does have the rare power of arousing interest and enthusiasm. There are two volumes, imported by the Messrs. Macmillan.

Three new Baedakers have just been imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The "Egypt" is a remodeled edition, bringing into a single volume the greater part of the matter which has hitherto filled the two devoted to "Upper Egypt" and "Lower Egypt." The text has been curtailed about one-third, and brought down to date. Khartoum again takes its place among the towns to be visited, and may be reached by a *train de luxe* on the Soudan Military Railway. The "Great Britain" is the fifth edition of the work first published about twelve years ago, and has been revised by Mr. J. F. Muirhead, the original author. A separate "Scotland" is promised at no distant date. The "Southern Germany," comprising Württemberg and Bavaria, is now separated from its former association with Austria, and becomes itself a volume of respectable dimensions. These manuals need no recommendation. They are, as they always have been, quite *à la concours*, incomparably the best ever prepared for the convenience of the traveller.

The life of "Monsieur Vincent," by Mr. James Adderley, following the

#### NOTES.

"Henry Esmond," in two volumes, has just been added to the Dent-Macmillan edition of Thackeray.

"The Self-Educator in English Composition," by Mr. G. H. Thornton, is published by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press for immediate publication the authorized edition of Count Tolstoi's new book, "What Is Religion?"

Mr. W. R. Jenkins sends us, in the series of "Contes Choisis," a volume by M. François Coppée, entitled "Le Moreau de Pain et Autres Contes," edited by Mr. G. Castegnier.

Mr. Harlan Hoge Ballard is the latest of our Virgilian translators, and his version of the first half of the "Æneid," in English hexameters, is now published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. M. Oppenheim's new edition of "The Spanish Conquest in America" by Sir Arthur Helps, has reached the second of its four projected volumes. The work is published by Mr. John Lane.

"The Letters of Hugh, Earl Percy, from Boston and New York, 1774—1776," edited and annotated by Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, will be issued this month in a limited edition by Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston.

Mr. William S. Lord of Evanston, Illinois, has in press for early issue a volume of poems by Mr. John McGovern, a selection of "Love-Story Masterpieces" chosen by Mr. Ralph A. Lyon, and a book of "Line o' Type Lyrics" by Mr. Bert Leston Taylor.

A new edition, revised and supplemented by much new matter, of "The Book Lover," by Mr. James Baldwin, is published in charming form by Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co., attesting the continued and deserved popularity of that helpful little work.

A second series of "Pen Pictures from Ruskin," selected and arranged by Miss Caroline A. Wurtzburg, is added to the charming little "Pensées Series," published in this country by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. "Places, nature studies, and things in general," are dealt with in the present selection.

Three new "Temple Classics" (the first to reach our table for some time) have just been sent us by the Macmillan Co. They include a new translation, made by Mr. W. V. Cooper, of Boethius's "The Consolation of Philosophy"; Bunyan's "The Holy War," edited by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse; and the Plays of Goldsmith, annotated by Mr. Austin Dobson.

Four new volumes of the "Temple Bible" are sent us by the J. B. Lippincott Co. They are as follows: "Isaiah," edited by the late A. B. Davidson; "Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther," edited by Dr. J. Wilson Harper; "The Johannine Books," edited by the Rev. Canon Benham; and "Hebrews, Peter, James, and Jude," edited by Dr. J. Herkless.

An excellent text-book of "Modern Chemistry with Its Practical Applications," by Mr. Fredus N. Peters, is published by Messrs. Maynard, Merrill & Co. It is a handsomely-printed book, with its contents well-arranged, and, while essentially descriptive in its method, pays due attention to the laboratory aspect of the science. A novel feature, which we note with interest, is a glossary of alchemistic terms for the use of students who venture upon a course of reading in the history of chemistry. We should hardly have known where to

look, for example, if we had wanted to know what draco mitigatus was, or pulvis angelicus. Here we may learn that they were, respectively, mercurous chloride and antimony oxychloride.

The eightieth birthday of our "grand old man" of American letters, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, has been signalized by the Outlook Co. by their publication of a "birthday edition" of "The Man without a Country." Thick paper and generous margins make a volume of reasonable dimensions, which has a full-length portrait of the venerable author of this famous tale.

Messrs. Tennant & Ward, New York, publish an exquisite edition of "The Lady Poverty," translated and edited by Mr. Montgomery Carmichael. This thirteenth century allegory, called the "Sacrum Commercum," tells of St. Francis and how he wooed his chosen bride. It is the work of a Franciscan monk, possibly Giovanni da Parma, although the present editor rejects that ascription. This is the first English translation of the book.

The "thin paper edition" of reprints, published by Mr. George Newnes, and imported into America by the Messrs. Scribner, is extended by five new volumes, three of which are a set of Shakespeare according to the traditional threefold classification. The fourth is "The Poems and Songs of Robert Burns," and the fifth is Motteux's translation of "Don Quixote." The volumes are easily pocketable, although they average not far from a thousand pages each.

Five volumes of modern language texts come to us from the American Book Co., as follows: "Das Spielmannskind" and "Der Stumme Rataherr," by W. A. Richl, edited by Mr. George M. Priest; "Der Prozess" and "Einer Muß Heirat," by R. Benedix, edited by Mr. M. B. Lambert; "Der Bibliothekar," by Gustav von Moser, edited by Mr. William A. Cooper; an abridgment of Daudet's "Tartarin de Tarascon," edited by Mr. C. Fontaine; and a volume of selected stories from Daudet, edited by Mr. T. Atkinson Jenkins.

The second volume of the "Florilegium Latinum," edited by Mr. Francis St. John Thackeray and Mr. Edward Daniel Stone, and published by Mr. John Lane, is devoted to the Victorian poets. The Latin translations are set opposite the English originals, and are the work of upwards of forty scholars, among whom the editors of the volume occupy a conspicuous place. Tennyson has been the chief victim of these classical assaults, with Arnold for a good second. The translations include numerous examples of American poets, including Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Sill, Saxe, Mr. Bret Harte, and Mr. John Hay.

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1902.

Academic Life, Pleasant Incidents of. D. C. Gilman. *Scribner*  
Alps, Over the, in a Diligence. E. R. Pennell. *Lippincott*.  
America as a Peacemaker. Frederic Emory. *World's Work*.  
American Invasion, Beyond the. *World's Work*.  
America's Recent Military Lessons. W. H. Carter. *No. Amer.*  
Anarchy, Treatment of. W. M. Salter. *Atlantic*.  
Anglo-Japanese Alliance. J. P. Dolliver. *North American*.  
Argentina, Public Debt of. A. B. Martinez. *No. Amer.*  
Arid Southwest, Reclaiming the. R. M. Barker. *Forum*.

Art, Amateur, in Early New England. Grace Peck. *Harper*.  
Art College, Proposed American, in Rome. *North American*.  
Art Schools, French Industrial. J. Schoenholz. *Forum*.  
Autograph Collector, Meditations of. A. H. Joline. *Harper*.  
Banking Methods, New. W. J. Boiss. *World's Work*.  
Black, Wm., Visit of to America. Sir W. Reid. *Harper*.  
British Purchases of War Supplies in the U. S. *No. Amer.*  
Chivalry, The Modern. John Corbin. *Atlantic*.  
Churches, Are they Declining. Chas. Graves. *World's Work*.  
Civic Improvement. Sylvester Baxter. *Century*.  
Collegiate Conditions in the U. S. C. F. Thwing. *Forum*.  
Commercial Education, Higher. J. L. Laughlin. *Atlantic*.  
Commonwealths, Old, Rebuilding of. W. H. Page. *Atlantic*.  
Democracy, Hidden Weakness in. Vida Scudder. *Atlantic*.  
Disarmament Trust, The. Rolla Ogdern. *Atlantic*.  
Eden, Past and Present. C. C. Abbott. *Lippincott*.  
Exporting Wheat, Fallacy of. C. C. Bovey. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
Fish-Destroyers, Marine. W. C. McIntosh. *Harper*.  
Fishes, Food for. Frank H. Sweet. *Lippincott*.  
Fiske, John. T. S. Perry. *Atlantic*.  
Forestry, American: A New Career. J. R. Smith. *Forum*.  
French Academy, The. O. G. Guerlac. *Lippincott*.  
Fanston, A Defense of. Mark Twain. *North American*.  
Garden, Old, Story of an. Jane W. Guthrie. *Harper*.  
Gardiner, Samuel Rawson. J. F. Rhodes. *Atlantic*.  
Georgia's Educational Center. Leonora Ellis. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
German Chancellors, Four, Conversations with. *Century*.  
Germany, Our Future Relations with. *World's Work*.  
Hedin, Sven, in Central Asia. J. Scott Keltie. *Harper*.  
Infinitely Small, Study of the. John Trowbridge. *Atlantic*.  
Industrialism and Literature. C. A. Smith. *World's Work*.  
Industrial Position, Our. Henry Gannett. *Forum*.  
Isthmian Canal Routes, Choice of. J. T. Morgan. *No. Amer.*  
Italy of Virgil and Horace. Elizabeth Pennell. *Harper*.  
Italy, Taxation and Business in. Wolcott Calkins. *Forum*.  
Jackson, Stonewall, Recollections of. *Lippincott*.  
Japan's Financial System. M. Matsukata. *North American*.  
Jordan, President, of Stanford. F. B. Millard. *World's Work*.  
Longevity in our Time. Roger S. Tracy. *Century*.  
Milk Supply, Pure, Problem of. H. D. Chapin. *Forum*.  
Moon, Is it a Dead Planet? W. H. Pickering. *Century*.  
Muskalonge, Fight with a. J. R. Rathom. *Scribner*.  
Navy, Our New. G. W. Melville. *Review of Reviews*.  
Negro and Higher Learning. W. S. Scarborough. *Forum*.  
North Sea Smack, On a. J. B. Connolly. *Scribner*.  
Pension Systems, Comparative. Frederick Fenning. *Forum*.  
Player, Recollections of a. J. H. Stoddart. *Century*.  
Professorial Office, Degradation of. G. T. Ladd. *Forum*.  
Prohibition Movement in Canada. J. P. Gerrie. *Rev. of Revs*.  
Prussia, Polish Problem in. W. von Schierbrand. *Forum*.  
Queen of Roumania, Summer Life of. *Century*.  
Rhodes, Cecil John. W. T. Stead. *Review of Reviews*.  
Rhododendron Culture in Am. Frances Dunca. *Atlantic*.  
Road, Charm of the. James H. Hyde. *Harper*.  
Russia, Impressions of. Henry Cabot Lodge. *Scribner*.  
Salt Sea in the Desert, A Dry. *World's Work*.  
Social Secretary, The. Maud Nathan. *World's Work*.  
Southwest, The Great. Ray S. Baker. *Century*.  
Spain, Situation in. Sydney Brooks. *North American*.  
Stanford University. Will Irwin. *World's Work*.  
Swinburne, Mr. Edmund Gosse. *Century*.  
Tisza, Kálmán, Builder of Modern Hungary. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
Title Registration, to Real Property. W. C. Mains. *Forum*.  
Trout Fishing in Faroe Islands. Elizabeth Taylor. *Atlantic*.  
United States, Opportunity of. A. Carnegie. *No. Amer.*  
Unkindness, Our Public. A. D. F. Hamlin. *Forum*.  
Vision, The Act of. Raymond Dodge. *Harper*.  
Voice, Appearance of the. E. W. Scripture. *Century*.  
Wage-Earning School Children in England. T. Burke. *Forum*.  
War-Ship, American, A Charmed. J. R. Spears. *Harper*.  
Washington Society. Henry Loomis Nelson. *Century*.  
Whitney, William C. W. J. K. Kenny. *World's Work*.  
Whittier's, A Noteworthy Letter of. W. L. Phelps. *Century*.  
Wild Life Photography. Bernard Meiklejohn. *World's Work*.  
Woman and her Sphere. Duchess of Sutherland. *No. Amer.*  
Working Man, Way of the. Cy Warman. *North American*.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 110 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

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